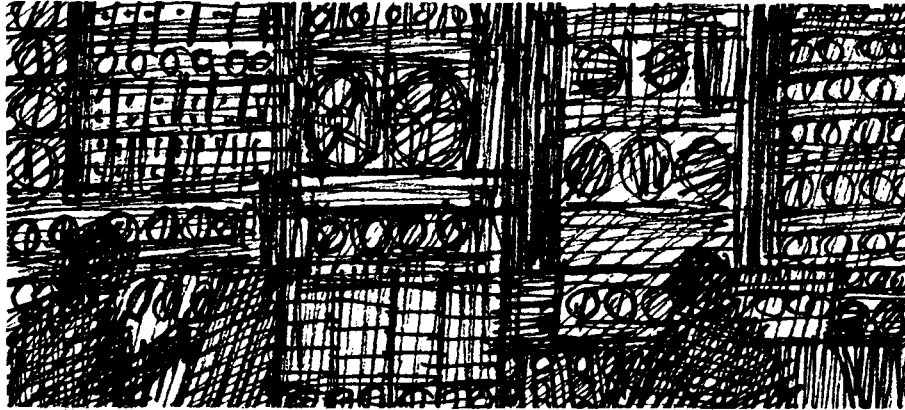


commonweal



FROM DU PONT, WITH LOVE

Edward Engberg

YANKEES IN ROMAN COLLARS

Jordan Bishop

A MARXIST'S CHRIST

Gunnar D. Kumlien

THE MOOD OF CONGRESS

William V. Shannon

CORRESPONDENCE



"An American Folly"

Albuquerque, N.M.

To the Editors: J. M. Cameron ["An American Folly," June 4] would like to find a moral theologian to defend the war in Vietnam, but he's not likely to find one ready either to defend it or to condemn it, for the facts are not clear. Does he really feel that such a moral judgment should be made on the basis of one-upmanship in atrocity photographs?

LOUIS BALDWIN

Newman Centers

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: James O'Gara's article "Catholics on Campus" [June 11] asks the question, "Where are the priests?" And I ask, "Where are the laymen?" After experiencing several months as a lay counselor at the Newman Center, University of North Dakota, I strongly feel that what is needed is something comparable to team teaching. Along with the counselor-priest to handle the formal teaching of theology is an understanding lay counselor. It is he who must fill the widening gap between priest and student.

The author states that the gap will be filled as more and more laymen receive degrees in theology. True. But the degree is not enough. What is needed is the layman who is not only a successful teacher but one who is not afraid to climb down from his ivory tower. He must be the one who is willing to go into the dormitory, have coffee at the student center, and, if necessary, venture into the coffee houses to discuss the problems of the day. It is amazing how conducive a smoke-filled room is to discussion. Here is where he institutes the ground work for his open-door policy and will soon find the student making his way to the counselor's office.

The Catholic student today is of a new breed, and thank God for it. He is seeking the answers that were not

given in his high-school religion class. He no longer accepts the naïve answer, "Just take it on faith," or "Your question will be answered later." He is being challenged, and he wants the answers. In many situations, he has turned away from the dogmatic authority of the priest. He seeks one who, perhaps, has experienced what he is going through. He wants someone who can live what he truly believes.

A final point which Mr. O'Gara neglects: How willing is the priest to relinquish some of the authority he tenaciously hangs on to? Is the priest willing to permit the layman to play his part on the team? This is important. Without this the layman's hands are tied and he becomes the coordinator of activities. Are the priests willing to give a little and permit the lay counselor to fill the gap that is ever widening? I truly hope so.

DONALD HOOD

"The Risk of Faith"

Tokyo, Japan

To the Editors: I believe the relevant point of Daniel Callahan's article ["The Risk of Faith," March 12] lies in his recurrent call to the central dynamism of the believer's intellect asking questions about his faith. He points out a shift of emphasis from "assent to certain truths about God" to the content of words like "encounter" and "trust"; from questions asking "the difference between a mortal and a venial sin" to a wanting to know "what it is to live the Christian life"; from acceptance and obedience to "meaning and significance."

It is quite natural that the "believer's intellect is not really satisfied" since its ground is on an "alien soil." His first and most rational operation is to "look at his own faith," to ask questions about that faith. Again, stress on meaning is part of contemporary thought. And this has been affecting remarkably modern Catholic theology. But before being part of today's trend of thinking, it was ever present in the fundamental processes of man's mind, even though it was often manifested through the end-

less discussions on trivial and irrelevant questions. Further, loss and distortion, contempt and lack of meaning are at the root of distress and anxiety in the religious sphere because a flight from understanding is not a substitute for real faith, but a dark-spot in man's intellect blocking his human and ultimately his supernatural development.

I should like to call attention to the notion of a pure, detached, disinterested, unrestricted desire to know, which "is prior to any insights, any concepts, any words, for insights, concepts, words have to do with answers; and before we look for answers, we want them; such wanting is the pure question" (Bernard Lonergan). And let me suggest that, before selecting the relevant questions and concepts of today's faith, we should try to relate the structure of faith within the general context of this fundamental "wanting."

1. It is this central dynamism which provides us with the useful tool of a pragmatic distinction between two types of questions, viz., questions asking "What is it?" and questions asking "Is it?," between operations leading to "understanding" and operations leading to "affirmation," between the content of an act of insight and the content of an act of judgment, between "hypotheses" and "truth."

2. Both the gift of faith and the consequent theological understanding should be understood in this very general and common (I should say "heuristic") frame of the distinction. Faith is not primarily concerned with answers to the question asking "What is it?", but with the "Yes" or "No" answer to the question "Is it?" (Is Christ both true man and true God? Were seven sacraments instituted by Christ and no more? Is the Pope infallible when he speaks "ex cathedra" in matters concerning faith and morals?). Faith then involves submission and acceptance, obedience and humility to truth. Theological understanding, on the contrary, is directly concerned with answers to questions asking "What is it?". It is the role of human reason "with faith as its guiding light" to inquire "earnestly, devoutly,

and circumspectly" the transmitted truth in order to "reach, by God's generosity, some understanding of mysteries, and that a most profitable one."

3. In this heuristic perspective, emphasis is changed from the external level of concepts like "encounter," "risk" and "trust" to the more inner asking oneself questions about that faith, that will eventually ground any sort of valid terminology.

4. Besides the outline of the unrestricted desire to know, there is its performance. The central dynamism will take sooner or later the honest believer from the very general ("What does it mean to be a responsible person?") to the more particular questions ("What is the difference between a mortal and a venial sin?") and their concrete applications in his existential situation. The process may be dodged or delayed (even for centuries), yet there remains the fundamental impetus which moves man's understanding from an undifferentiated to a more differentiated stage.

5. And besides the performance of the individual believer there is the performance of the whole community. I do not think the Church has "tried to avoid this renewal." Rather she has had a long history of struggling for meaning and understanding. She has made indeed the commitment to understand faith. On the occasion of the First Vatican Council she expressed a program for the development of the theological understanding with the words of a monk who died more than one thousand years ago: "Therefore, let there be growth . . . and all possible progress in understanding, knowledge and wisdom whether in single individuals or in the whole body, in each man as in the entire Church, according to the stage of their development. . . ."

6. It is fashionable right now to criticize the Church as being out of date. There may be a valid point in the criticism. But as Frederick Crowe of Regis College, Toronto, has remarked "if she tends to run behind the times a bit on more remote and fundamental questions . . . this is the nature of things, and the

(Continued on page 479)

EDITORIALS: 459

THE MOOD OF CONGRESS: William V. Shannon 462

OUR COURSE IN VIETNAM: James O'Gara 464

FROM DU PONT, WITH LOVE: Edward Engberg 465

YANKEES IN ROMAN COLLARS: Jordan Bishop 469

A MARXIST'S CHRIST: Gunnar D. Kumlien 471

VERSE: OLD MEN: Robert Francis 468

THE SCREEN: Philip T. Hartung 473

THE STAGE: Wilfrid Sheed 474

CORRESPONDENCE: 458

BOOKS: 475

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: Editor JAMES O'GARA: Managing Editor

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SANTO DOMINGO

If President Johnson compares his domestic critics to croaking frogs, we hate to think what Texas locutions he might have in store for foreign critics of U.S. policy. With the situation so grim in Vietnam, Americans have been spared for the moment the sting, indeed the full fury, of our Dominican involvement. There U.S. over-commitment once again compels us to seek a face-saving solution rather than one which the Dominican people can live with.

A case in point is the "peace plan" put forward by the O.A.S. mediation commission. To a large extent it is an attempt by the U.S. to make the best of an impossible situation, and as such it is a move in the right direction. Since the political rallies in mid-June, during which the opposing camps on consecutive days whipped themselves into factional fervor, some kind of action is essential. But the plan itself is very fragile. Under its terms civilians would surrender all arms and the army would retire to military bases subject to the civilian authority of a provisional government. This government would rule, under the protection of the O.A.S. military force, until elections are held six to nine months hence.

Both sides have agreed to study the plan, which is a good sign. But General Imbert, who has had the presidency in his grasp, only to see it slip through his fingers, is reportedly unhappy with the arrangement, while Colonel Caamaño is dubious about the army's being, under its present hierarchy, the only armed Dominican force after the elections. In effect, the peace plan makes the O.A.S. forces the real government of the island for the better part of the next year. The question is whether this time can possibly be used to create a genuinely peaceable climate in which constitutional government can work, or whether it must merely be an enforced pacification that only delays the moment when reactionary and revolutionary forces clash again.

It is hard to imagine anything of solid political significance being

achieved under a provisional government or the guidance of an extra-national force, much less the foundations of democracy. The strife that engulfs the island is not merely a matter of personalities, despite the impression one gets from press reports. The conflict is over such things as land reform, ingrained governmental corruption, a legacy of thirty years of Trujillo rule, tax and educational reform and so forth. These are provided for under the 1963 constitution, whose return the Caamaño forces call for. But the military forces which overthrew Bosch give no indications they can accommodate themselves to the liberal document.

But if the climate produced by a provisional government, which has no means of curtailing the military once and for all, is not the best in which to achieve solid constitutional gains, a provisional government headed by the wrong man can only mean catastrophe. Such a man is certainly Joaquín Balaguer, an unwelcome carry-over from the Trujillo regime, whose name has been seriously mentioned for the post.

If this is indeed the Administration's intention, then it will not only compound its already numerous errors in the Dominican Republic, but remove the last vestige of sanity in our Latin American policy. Yet, according to the *Washington Post*, American officials on the island say they believe he is the man who might satisfy all parties. It is true Balaguer stepped down from the presidency when Bosch was elected, but reluctantly and with the Kennedy Administration breathing down his neck. Today, would-be Latin American dictators seem much less worried about the impression they make on the American government, as long as they mouth the prescribed anti-Communist rhetoric.

There is one possible solution to the crisis, explored by McGeorge Bundy on his visit but since dropped. He reportedly reached an agreement with Caamaño by which Antonio Guzmán, Bosch's former agricultural minister, would be installed as provisional president under the 1963 constitution. Imbert's camp, however, still talks of "sweeping out the Red rubbish" and the junta he heads presently admits to holding over 2,000 political prisoners. Inasmuch as the junta has circulated a petition calling for the ouster of the Apostolic Nuncio as "an agent of international Communism," it is doubtful any person connected with Bosch can gain its approval.

But is the approval of Imbert, who is our creation, needed? Since we have decided to make our power felt on that island, we have a corresponding responsibility. Might we not accept our present responsibility, then, to disarm anti-democratic forces as the minimum precondition for a stable democracy after we leave? To

provide one more set-up for one more general to overthrow and thus cast the country into further anarchy and violence verges on criminal irresponsibility.

BISHOPS AND CRITICISM

During the nineteenth century American bishops regularly engaged in lively and often pugnacious disputes. No one now thinks the Church was any the worse off for it. But that is history. For our own day, the ideal has been that bishops do not disagree with each other publicly, however far apart their views may actually be. Nor is a public stance taken by a bishop to become a matter of controversy, if only because an undiscerning laity may be led into a diminished respect for the episcopal office. This ideal has been honored to an astonishing degree, at least until the Second Vatican Council revealed the wide divergence of thought among American bishops. Even then, there were embarrassed attempts to cover over disagreements. During the first session, several bishops explained patiently to the press that the division of the council into "progressives" and "conservatives" was the imaginative work of the public press, which was distorting the harmony prevailing in Rome.

One suspects that however high the motivation of not wishing to distress the pious, a heavy price is often paid for maintaining the appearance of perfect unanimity where no unanimity exists. If Bishop A takes a public stance, Bishops B through Z are unlikely to disagree, even where disagreement might be healthy—or absolutely essential. To take a case which is admittedly extreme, the Bishop of St. Augustine, Florida, delivered a speech recently in which he implied that the American Catholic press has been infiltrated by Communists. (He said he didn't *think* the infiltration has taken place, but added that in reading some Catholic journals he could detect "the fleeting glimpse of the Communist face or hear again the characteristic intonation of the Communist voice.") In itself, the speech is not worth treating, except humorously, but it does raise questions about the expected courtesy (which, in fact, has been received) of episcopal silence on the matter from Bishops B through Z. Since the first of the year, several Bishops have attacked the Catholic press for criticism which was allegedly irresponsible, unjust and unnecessary. It seems to us that these three adjectives apply to the Bishop of St. Augustine's talk. If the standards for criticism in the Church are to be taken seriously, presumably they apply across the board. *The National Catholic Reporter*

comments: "This year there have been a great many lectures to Catholic journalists on the ground rules of criticism, the need for prudence, moderation and charity . . . We would like to be instructed about the relevance of prudence, moderation and charity—not to speak of justice—in this situation. Will the monitors of the press now become its defenders?"

It is not possible to believe that the Church will be disgraced if a bishop takes issue with the slur on the Catholic press. It is more likely to be disgraced by silence. The issues raised by the Bishop of St. Augustine may not be of cosmic significance. But the concept of episcopal courtesy should not be allowed to rule out criticism merely because a member of the hierarchy has foolishly climbed out on a shaky limb. Even the simple, pious Catholic, who is so often wheeled out as the excuse for smothering legitimate disagreement, must know that bishops often disagree, and that occasionally some of them are wrong.

It is not merely in trivial matters that episcopal courtesy freezes discussion of important matters. The board of bishops which unanimously whitewashed Catholic University after its ban on four theologians, for example, can hardly have reflected the thinking of all the bishops. Recently the National Council of Catholic Men's television series on the Church and birth control, was cancelled without explanation—is it healthy that, as far as the record goes, no bishop protested the action, or even inquiring into the circumstances of the cancellation? In the Los Angeles affair, one can understand why a bishop would like to preserve his silence, but why break it, as one of the most liberal American bishops did recently, in an attempt to discredit a priest who, in conscience, felt he could not stay in the Los Angeles diocese because of its racial policies? One suspects that these are examples of episcopal courtesy run wild, and that they should not be defended.

MARTIN BUBER

By an odd quirk of physiognomy, no recent religious thinker looked so much like certain old-fashioned representations of God the Father as Martin Buber. With his full beard, strong eyes, stern countenance, Buber could have been Everyman's image of the God Who sits in wrathful judgment on man, the God "out there." The irony is that it is hard to think of any man who did more in recent decades to re-shape man's understanding of God. For the God Buber told us to look for was not the God of the philosophers, the Supreme

Being of the deductive mind; nor the God of the moralists, the inexorable legislator who is also both judge and jury; nor the God of fanciful painters.

Instead, he urged us to seek the God Who is the "eternal thou," the God we meet in our relations with other human beings yet also meet in the deepest part of our own self. This is not a God we can picture with a beard: "God is the being that is directly, more nearly, and lastingly over against us, that may properly only be addressed, not expressed." At the same time, this is no distant God, nor a God who would separate us from life: "I know nothing of a 'world' and a 'life in the world' that might separate a man from God. What is thus described is actually life with an alienated world of *It*, which experiences and uses. He who truly goes out to meet the world goes out also to God."

There, in that word "*It*," one catches a glimpse of one of Buber's abiding principles, the irreducible difference between the "thou," which one can only know in the meeting with another human being; and the "*it*," which is being known to us only as a separate object over against us. "Love," he wrote in his classic work *I and Thou*, "is responsibility of an *I* for a *Thou*." The "*I-It*" relationship, by contrast, is one in which separation and estrangement are of its very essence.

These are not easy concepts to grasp. Buber's style was elliptical, poetic, suggestive, a far cry from the tidy systems of geometrical theologians. Yet he managed to get into our bones. It would be hard to imagine what either contemporary Catholic or Protestant theology would be like had Buber never introduced them to the world of "meeting," and "encounter," and the "*I-Thou*" relationship between man and man, and man and God. We are all in his debt, that man who told us first about "dialogue," who spoke of an "eclipse of God" in response to Nietzsche's cry that "God is dead!"—and who exhorted us to find in the person standing over against us that "*Thou*" to which we could respond with our whole being.

He spoke the word that was needed at just the moment it was needed. "No factory and no office," he wrote in *Between Man and Man*, "is so abandoned by creation that a creative glance could not fly up from one working-place to another, from desk to desk, a sober and brotherly glance which guarantees the reality of creation. . . ." Few have cut so deeply to the roots of our technological civilization, offering a host of riches so powerful as to overwhelm one with their force. "He who lives the life of dialogue knows a lived unity: the unity of life. . . ." That was the life Buber himself lived, a life at once Jewish and yet open to all.

THE MOOD OF CONGRESS

and liberal Democrats who are liberal on all issues including race. (Here Kefauver, who moved furthest away from Southern stereotypes on race, was a fore-runner.)

The disintegration of this moderate faction is not without its cost. Representative Albert Rains of Alabama, who retired voluntarily last year, had managed the complex housing bills on the floor for a dozen years with admirable political skill; his successor is Representative William Barrett, an unimpressive servant of the Democratic machine in Philadelphia. One housing lobbyist has observed: "It's even-Stephen. The Democrats' gain of 40 seats in the House just about makes up for the loss of Rains on this bill."

With old issues resolved, old personalities fading from the scene, and the old middle-of-the-road faction disintegrated, the Congress is in a far more fluid state than normal. The top-heavy Democratic majorities contribute to this situation. With the exception of the Congress of 1959-60, which found itself monumentally frustrated by President Eisenhower's vetoes, this is the most heavily Democratic Congress since 1938, a whole generation ago. This Congress works more in harmony with President Johnson than any Congress under the last three chief executives had. But, at the same time, there is a disposition on the part of Congress—or, more specifically, on the part of those liberals who form the progressive cutting edge—to go beyond Administration proposals.

Congressional Revolts

The nearly successful revolt in the Senate on behalf of outlawing the poll tax in state and local elections was an example. This fight is not over since the House bill contains such a ban. Another example was the revolt in the Senate Finance Committee led by Senators Abraham Ribicoff and Paul Douglas to re-write the excise tax reduction. Instead of following the lead of the House Ways and Means Committee and providing for the eventual abolition of the automobile excise tax altogether, the Senate Committee, at Ribicoff's suggestion, made a four percent reduction contingent upon the automobile industry's installation of various safety features in future models. On Douglas' motion, the committee voted to make one percent of the tax permanent and, in effect, reserve it to finance the clearing of junkyards and other forms of automobile-produced blight. Because these amendments won wider acceptance than the Administration had anticipated, the Treasury Department reversed its position and endorsed them. In the House-Senate conference the

Ribicoff safety proposal was dropped, but Douglas' amendment survived.

Sometimes this restiveness in Congress reflects mere parochialism, as in the efforts of various committees to restrict the President's authority to close military installations and veterans' hospitals. But it is also constructive. If Congress enacts a strong Water Pollution Control Bill and improvements in the Clean Air Act, it will be largely due to members of Congress, notably Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, rather than to any prodding by the Administration. A Congress that is galloping ahead of the White House on any issues, rather than balking and kicking, is so unusual that it cannot fail to astonish observers.

Congress is reluctant, however, to challenge President Johnson in his conduct of foreign affairs. There is much disquiet about the management of the war in Vietnam and the intervention in the Dominican Republic. If Senator J. William Fulbright, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, were more self-confident and purposeful in using the powers of his office, he could conduct a series of hearings that would capture public attention and perhaps effectively influence the course of the Administration. But Fulbright, who will strike blows in passing, shrinks from any major confrontation with the massed power of the Presidency. Fulbright is not alone in his diffidence. Neither house of Congress has developed a star investigating chairman in recent years who tried, as Kefauver did, at least to ventilate the big hard issues even if he could not solve them.

In the Senate, one constant remains. A hard core of aging Southerners still monopolizes most of the committee chairmanships. Despite the death of Johnston and the illness of Russell, the Old South's substantive power endures. Indeed, so weighed down with power and perquisites are the senior Southerners in this, the eleventh year of unbroken Democratic Party control, that Senator Smathers had to give up a place on the much-coveted Foreign Relations Committee to fill Johnston's vacancy on Judiciary. Otherwise this traditional bastion would have slipped out of Southern control.

But with the Republicans marching through Georgia in triumph in the last election and invading Alabama, even Mississippi is in danger. Old-timers such as Eastland are not changing their public views but they are wearing their Democratic allegiance with a new enthusiasm. The days of their arrogance are ending and if they cannot pretend to humility, they can at least pretend to be Democrats.

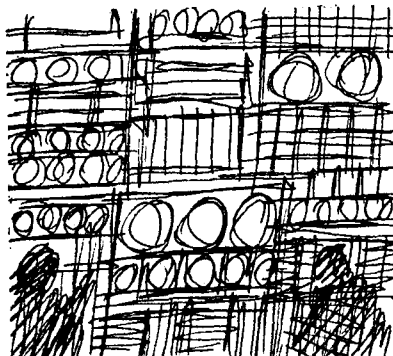
WILLIAM V. SHANNON

FROM DU PONT, WITH LOVE



Industrial spying and corporate paranoia

EDWARD ENGBERG



Like sex, industrial espionage seems to be one of those activities that has been going on a long time, that everyone knows is going on now, but which nobody knows very much about. No one is quite sure who is doing it, how frequently, to whom, or how.

In the early fifties, about the same time the country woke up to the revolution in sexual mores, dark hints began to appear in the business press and some of the general press suggesting that business spying was a bigger problem than was generally supposed. The *Harvard Business Review* responded with a survey of businessmen on the practice; the results, published in 1959, led to another wave of magazine and newspaper articles, most of them of dubious value.

The Harvard study found that while some executives *think* spying is done in their industries, on a later detailed questionnaire reports of actual incidents of spying turned out to be surprisingly low. "In every case," the report noted, "the frequency of occurrence of industrial espionage is higher for those who report indirect as opposed to direct knowledge of the event."

We still do not know whether there is any more or any less spying today than in the past, but it is highly interesting that there seems to be greater anxiety among businessmen today about the mere possibility. This was further reflected in the response

of executives of large companies to questions about security regulations; 39.7 percent reported knowledge of increased security in other companies.

The anxiety of companies involved in defense contracts is understandable. But there seem to be other causes for worry, also urgent, that tell a great deal about business today. They are also a matter of public concern.

Several years ago the University of Michigan Survey Center, in a study of the Gross National Product, reported that 90 percent of the increment in the GNP over the past 50 years has come from investments not in tangibles, such as plants and equipment, but in education, organization, design and the myriad activities that find shelter under that vast umbrella labeled "Research and Development."

At the time I was making my living and supporting a family, quite tangible things, because a number of the largest corporations in the country were spending a good deal of money for specialized information. From our company they bought facts, and occasionally a concept, that might help convert the buzz of events in their environment into forms that might be, or at least appear to be, manageable. I had no trouble believing the University of Michigan report, yet when I mentioned its findings to one of our clients, he was not only skeptical, but actually sore that I had brought it up.

It did not occur to me then that the client was shackled with a substantial, fixed, highly tangible investment. No amount of theorizing could have con-

EDWARD ENGBERG, a previous contributor to these pages, has written for *Fortune*, the *New Leader*, and other American journals.

vinced him that the value of those machines his company had bought some years ago could be undone, willy-nilly, and before he could do anything about it, by an idea that might have popped into the head of someone who was tossing in his sleep.

No doubt the client could imagine a new, more efficient, and presumably patentable machine that might replace those he had. But it was too much for him to believe that a psychologist's report, or a designer's doodlings, or a pile of notebooks in a laboratory, or a set of statistics drawn up by an economist in a company he had never heard of, might cost him a substantial share of his market. In short, he was over committed to an excessively narrow range of information, largely confined to facts about his plant, his product, and to what he knew of existing markets. He exhibited what I conceive to be the first source of anxiety underlying the fear of espionage, i.e., corporate paranoia.

It is a state of mind arising from knowledge, usually gained too late, that abroad in the land today there are very likely more forces than ever seeking to shorten or destroy the useful lives of a corporation's investments. There is more capital and more things to do with it, including the increasing support of activities, like research and development, devoted energetically to the creation of still more threats to existing investments.

Unmanageable Furies

The anxiety is not confined to businessmen. In publications of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, for instance, which for the most part are highly useful and instructive, there lately has crept in a note of stridency, almost of despair. Some of the participants in the conversations seem to be saying that we have done our damndest to keep the House of Intellect in order. Yet we never know at what time of the day or night some monster sorcerer is going to come reeling home from his think tank with some notion or contraption that will cause heaven-knows-what damage. It is as if their collective nerves had worn down trying to render the furies manageable, and they would happily settle for the role of the common scold. One imagines a Molly Bloom reading *The Feminine Mystique* to a group of Girl Scouts gathered around the last camp fire.

There are many in the top ranks of management who would commiserate. But talent for exasperation, or nostalgia, does not command a high premium in today's executive market. Neither can erase a company president's night-thoughts of awakening to find that Britain's

Central bank rate went in the wrong direction, or that the Venezuelan President in exile that he had been too busy to take lunch with was President of Venezuela again, or that a Congressman had succeeded in his effort to tell him how to design and label his product.

Nor do they help matters when a competitor persuades the American Dental Association to love another toothpaste, or a company he thought was in the lumber business comes up with a dry-process copier at one half his company's price, or a rival drug company takes the hottest thing to come out of his firm's laboratories, adds a molecule, and walks away with a good part of the market.

But a man with concerns like these usually has already gotten over the early stages of corporate paranoia. He realizes that the forces working to shorten or snuff out the lives of his investments are the same socks, turned inside out, from which he made those investments and from which he will make more. He knows that inside every Edsel there is a Mustang struggling to get out. His anxieties, therefore, are closer to the top of his head.

These worries arise from the inherent vulnerability, and some of the peculiarities, of the form products must take, and the investment tied up with them. Let us assume for example, an imaginary company, Forbisher Cartels, has spent one million dollars to develop a Widget, and that to duplicate the Widget, a competitor must know the process of manufacture, as, for example, is the case with Coca-Cola.

Two things are immediately evident about this property: 1) Knowledge of the process is disseminated among several persons, the scientists who developed it and a few key executives. The scientists probably earn about \$15,000. 2) Anybody, say a consulting scientist, who learned the process could walk out of the plant and pass the knowledge on to a competitor without having removed anything tangible, or that Forbisher cannot do without. Forbisher still has the information for making the Widget.

Forbisher's lawyers must decide whether or not to seek a patent, against the possibility of losing sole claim to the process through disclosure, innocent or otherwise, and the chances of recovery for damages. By formally disclosing the process in a patent application, Forbisher opens itself to the risk that a competitor will make modifications on the process and challenge the patent.

The lawyers will naturally take into account such marvels as the martini olive capable of picking up conversations and transmitting them to a nearby receiver, and more recently another contrivance designed to

jam the device. Telephones can now be tapped by amateurs using equipment sold in neighborhood stores, distant conversations heard without use of wires, rooms bugged without elaborate equipment or wires, a tape stripped of its material by walking by it with a horse-shoe magnet, and unopened mail read in numerous ways.

Also, the courts in recent years have done anything but coddle original claimants to patents; several lawyers have suggested that patents are no longer worth the paper they are written on. But let us assume Forbisher decides to seek a patent anyway.

On the market there already happens to be a product that fills the same general need as the Widget, only it is somewhat less convenient to use. Forbisher spends another \$200,000 on market research and a promotion campaign. The results represent an investment with a built-in one-year life span. Part of the value of this investment lies in its surprise potential, and knowledge that might cost Forbisher \$500,000 may be worth twice as much in the hands of its rival. But Forbisher's only hope for recovery, should details of the campaign leak out, is to swear everybody connected with it to an oath of confidence. The law protects information embodied in a unique invention, e.g., the Forbisher Widget, just as it does the specific literary form of ideas. But it will not protect the ideas, nor ideas held as trade secrets, except against trespass, wire tapping, etc., or a breach of confidence provided the secret is later used for profit.

The classic legal statement of this philosophy is generally considered to be contained in Justice Holmes' opinion in a 1917 case involving *Du Pont*:

"The word property as applied to trade-marks and trade secrets is an unanalyzed expression of certain secondary consequences of the primary fact that the law makes some rudimentary requirements of good faith. . . The property may be denied but the confidence cannot be."

In short, it is easy to steal, and recovery for damages is a bit stickier than it is for other kinds of thefts. Until recently, most corporations contained their anxieties over this, accepting the risk of espionage as part of the risk of doing business.

As it is, patent law libraries are replete with instances of information retrieval by spying, bribery and theft, prompted usually by avarice or disgruntlement. There seemed to be almost a *joie de vivre* about an account not long ago of an attempt by a 26-year-old former "junior executive" of Procter & Gamble to sell to Colgate-Palmolive Co. a 188-page budget supplement outlining the 1964-65 marketing strategy for Crest toothpaste.

His asking price was \$20,000. Colgate's dilemma, as described in the *New York Times*, was such as to suggest this sort of thing was not new. First, the *Times* noted, "the offered budget could conceivably have been a fake intended to mislead." A nice James Bondish touch! "Then, it might simply have been stolen by a discontented employee of Procter & Gamble." In any case, the *Times* said, the purchaser could clearly be put at the mercy of the seller, so Colgate decided to call in the F.B.I.

Super-Snooper

For a more intimate view of these matters, there is Ulmont O. Cumming, whom the *Wall Street Journal* has called the nation's number one business spy. *True* magazine, over an article by Jay Nelson Tuck, dubbed him a "Super-Snooper for Super Secrets." But from testimony he has given, one suspects Mr. Cumming would regard these as too narrow a description of his usefulness.

In 1961, while vouchsafing credentials to give expert court testimony, Cumming said that since 1927 he had directed his business "to investigations pertaining to patents, trademarks, surveys and various types of industrial investigations." He claimed to have conducted 27,853 such investigations, which would mean nearly three daily, excluding Sundays and holidays.

Among the companies mentioned in his testimony were Firestone, Goodrich, General Tire, U.S. Steel, Wheeling Steel, Stevens Stamping, General Foods, Pillsbury, General Mills, Upjohn, Parke Davis, Johnson & Johnson, American Home Products, Kellogg and International Harvester.

How much of Cumming's work can be classified as espionage, and how much as, to use Cumming's own phrase, "competitive intelligence," is uncertain. According to Tuck, he claims the worst thing he can be charged with is trespassing. And while Tuck reports that he won't tap wires illegally, risk impersonating a policeman, or enter a defense plant doing secret work, Cumming has also been quoted as saying there isn't a plant he couldn't get into.

"Look here," he is reported to have said, "I'm employed by some of the most respectable law firms and some of the biggest businesses in the country. If they're not worried about the ethics of the job, why should I be?"

Now, to turn to the sources of *my* anxiety. The chemical and proprietary drug industries have historically been forced to rely heavily on innovation for growth, and for that as well as other reasons, are most vulnerable

to loss of investment through theft of trade secrets. They have also been quick to seek protection for their investments and the security of their markets.

Du Pont has been a leader in this endeavor, and is currently a party before the Delaware Chancery Court in a case involving Donald Earl Hirsch. At the moment Hirsch enjoys the distinction of being employed by both Du Pont and American Potash & Chemical Corp., neither of which recognizes the other's claim on him.

Hirsch had been a senior research engineer at Du Pont, earning \$10,000 annually plus considerable bonuses. In 1962, after a dozen years at Du Pont and dissatisfied that he had not risen into the ranks of management, he responded to an advertisement asking for chemical engineers to work in a new plant manufacturing titanium oxide (TiO₂).

TiO₂ was Hirsch's specialty. At Du Pont he had been involved in the production of TiO₂ by a chloride process, and Du Pont was the only company using that process. (It should be mentioned here that there is a widely held belief that corporations have on occasion lured key scientists into divulging vital information through the pretense of offering them a job.) Hirsch was hired by American Potash, but Du Pont quickly obtained a temporary injunction restraining Hirsch from taking up his new employment. This was a new wrinkle in the law. In the past corporations have collected damages on proof that a former employee divulged trade secrets to another employer, contrary to explicit or implicit agreement.

\$15 Million in His Head

Du Pont, however, succeeded in frustrating Hirsch's move merely on the *expectation* that Hirsch would necessarily divulge the secrets of its chloride process, despite the absence of any contractual promise from Hirsch not to seek employment with a competitor. Du Pont values the knowledge in Hirsch's head at \$15 million. I don't know what value Hirsch places on it, except as a bar to the pursuit of happiness as he conceives it.

At any rate, Potash has joined Hirsch in efforts to prevent a permanent injunction on the grounds that neither he nor Potash meant to take advantage of his knowledge of the secret process. Chancellor Collins J. Seltz, who is trying the case, has said it has elements of "great industrial and social significance."

My second source of concern is an effort now being made by the makers of proprietary drugs, who have been hard hit by espionage, to persuade Congress and several state legislatures to impose criminal penalties

for the thefts of trade secrets. The federal bill was introduced in March by Congressman Harris B. McDowell, Jr. of Delaware—but has not yet been taken up for committee action. Supporting effort is taking on some of the aspects of a full-scale political campaign. Newspapers and magazines are exhibiting renewed interest in the subject, usually through the use, almost always unattributed, of the same set of facts and suspicions.

The *Wall Street Journal* of last April 8, for example reported that the value of "intellectual property" stolen from U.S. firms may exceed \$3 billion, "according to one estimate." This figure has been booted around a good deal, although I cannot for my part conceive of a way to arrive at a significant figure involving as many slippery concepts and unknowables as theft of intellectual property. The item in the *Journal* goes on to quote backers of the bill that such theft is rising, that more secrets are falling into foreign hands and that there are signs organized crime has become involved. Here again, one encounters the difficulties of knowing if the incidence of business espionage is rising—although *Time* magazine has quoted one estimate that it has risen 50 per cent over some specified number of years. Leaving those difficulties and intimations aside, there remain the difficulties of defining a thought in such a way that a man can be jailed for stealing it. When I think of what may come out of an attempt to make an idea into a piece of property, I shudder.



ROBERT FRANCIS

OLD MEN

Weigh too much or weigh
Too little,

Settle into woodchucks or take
A fancy

To be feather-weight birds.
Very seldom

However you catch one singing.
As merchandise

Old men go very cheap
Marked down

Marked down year after year
After year.

YANKEES IN ROMAN COLLARS



JORDAN BISHOP

The number of priests and religious from the United States and Canada working in Latin America continues to grow, even in countries where local vocations are increasing such as Colombia and Chile. They are needed and they are welcome, but their presence poses serious problems for the future of Latin American Christianity.

The first problem is that of the authenticity of a Church. Long an integral part of the Latin American establishment, the Church is faced with the dissolution of the old order as a sense of the urgency of social and economic reform grips the continent. The process is being hastened by a movement from within of a new wave of Latin American Catholics who are almost iconoclastic in their desire to break with any elements of the establishment that impede social and economic progress. Bishops, priests, religious and laymen are actively engaged in fomenting a social revolution which must necessarily destroy the establishment as we have known it. Revolutions such as those of Mexico, Bolivia and Cuba find staunch adherents among Catholics, in spite of confusion generated by the traditional identification of the Church with the old society.

This alone is enough to present the danger of an uprooted Church wandering in search of expression in a culture which is itself undergoing profound change. To be authentically *catholic*, the Church seeks roots in every culture, and the drama of missionary churches today is that having awakened to the danger of cultural colonization, they find themselves faced with a cultural vacuum, with the instability of traditional societies in frantic search for change.

It is to this society that the Church in the United States proposes to send ten per cent of her priests and religious! Already some countries in Latin America have more foreign than native priests. The example of Bolivia is perhaps extreme, where three-fourths of the clergy and religious are foreign-born. Nowhere do vocations keep up with the demographic increase.

In spite of the Code of Canon Law, there exists a

healthy diversity among Churches of the West. The Church in France is not that of the United States, the Church of Italy is not that of Germany. These and other Churches are present in Latin America, and each can bring real values to the Latin American Churches of the future. Most European and North American missionaries are aware of the dangers inherent in the situation, and approach the institutions of the Latin American Church with a caution often greater than that of the more revolutionary of the native clergy. Yet the situation remains an extremely delicate one. Missionaries give themselves, and money, for the saving of the Church in Latin America. But what are the criteria for missionary action in Latin America?

What is one to think of foreign priests who build large "plants" in the slums of Latin American cities? A new church, a rectory, a school, a clinic appear overnight with little or no cooperation from the people they are to serve, in areas where Communists are wont to paint on the walls: "Not churches, but factories!" These are areas where entire families live in one-room hovels. Can a Church built on such institutions as these *take root* in Latin American society? Can it become a part of the Latin American culture of the future? What will be the effect of fifty or a hundred years of subsidized Catholicism, nourished with priests, money and institutions transplanted from outside?

They Come to Serve

Our missionaries are not alone. They have come to serve a Church already established. To question some aspects of this missionary activity is not to question their presence, their generosity, or the need for more missionaries. But the basic elements of this situation must not be forgotten. *They have come to serve*. The very fact that they dispose of material resources beyond the possibilities of the local clergy can be a source of division, even of scandal. Many native priests see clearly the need for change, yet all too often the "new" parishes are founded on material resources which must forever be denied them. The temptation to abdicate is always present. If this be the secret to success in Latin

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America, then the Church of the future must remain a foreign thing, something in which they can have little or no part.

It cannot be denied that much of the material aid given to the Latin American Church is necessary. Americans and Europeans cannot live as the natives live, and no one seriously contends that the natives should forever live as they do. Large rural areas cannot be reached without motor cars, and the normal response to masses of sick, hungry and uneducated people is to provide medicine, food and schools where these are lacking.

Yet even here there is a serious problem with respect to the creation of institutions which depend on foreign aid. Often these are conceived in terms of competition with governmental institutions. In the long run, if such institutions become self-sufficient on a local level, governmental institutions will be favored. This is true of clinics, hospitals, schools, and while the growing socialization which is seen everywhere does not preclude or eliminate the need for private institutions, it should make us think seriously before starting projects which will never be viable without outside aid. Dogmatic insistence on Church-sponsored institutions often covers a proselytist mentality, a policy which ends in the making of rice Christians and interferes with the real freedom basic to evangelization.

Those institutions which are judged necessary—and many will be necessary—must be directed towards real service rather than towards proselytism or competition with other institutions. It is easy to point out serious needs, but if our thinking is really in terms of the need of the people, then we should support any programs which really meet these needs, and which have the best chance of meeting them on a long-term basis. We must seriously ask if it is reasonable to import institutions whose viability is already questioned in Europe and the United States.

Maintaining the "Plant"

In many cases, confusion can arise from a nominal identity. A parish, one may say, is a parish. True, but a Latin American parish is not a North American parish, and one may doubt if it should be. Both may fit the definition of a parish in the code of Canon Law. This leaves considerable room for divergences. The "plant" which often characterizes parishes in the United States is the result of real sacrifice on the part of the Christian community which it serves, often a minority community, justly proud of its church, its Catholic school, its Catholic hospitals. In a large Latin American

city—almost any Latin American city—it is simply too much to expect the people to finance Catholic schools, hospitals or even churches. The ten to twenty per cent of practicing Catholics would often find the maintenance of such "plants" an intolerable burden, even if the initial cost came from outside.

The problem goes beyond financing, but this is a basic consideration. When we build something, we must ask: *is it viable?* The answer should give us some indication of the answer to a more important question: *can it really take root here?* Can it become a part of an authentically Latin American Church?

There is, of course, another aspect to the question. Can we ask Catholics in the United States and Europe to finance institutions that they cannot afford themselves? The question of the future of confessional institutions in the United States and Europe is very complex and must be solved by those immediately involved. But the fact that a pastoral action centered on parochial schools is being questioned in the United States should make us pause before building them here.

Another serious problem raised by the influx of North American missionaries is that of a possible identification with a "new establishment," with the new masters of a society engaged in a struggle for freedom. To raise the question is not to accept uncritically all the charges of "yanqui imperialism," but simply to recognize that a problem exists, that these charges are made, and that missionaries who identify with the United States may impede the real growth of the Church in Latin America.

The missionary is an apostle of Christ, not of "free enterprise" or "the American way of life." This may involve, among other things, a refusal of the too-easy identification of the Church with anti-Communism. This does not imply that a Christian can be a Communist. On the other hand, the fact that a Christian cannot be a Communist does not mean that he must associate himself with everything implied in a given type of anti-Communism. He need not follow the opposing party-line, the other ideology. Christianity is not an ideology. Nor does it involve jumping on the anti-American bandwagon. The nuances of the missionary's attitude must be worked out on the spot, but the defense of Christianity cannot be identified with the defense of U.S. hegemony in Latin America.

The situation remains extremely delicate, and no one formula is available. A real dialogue with Latin Americans is a basic and very difficult condition of any constructive work for the Church in the area. A vision of the Church based on a sound ecclesiology is also

fundamental, and given the catholicity of the Church, this can easily be at variance with certain elements of the Church in the missionary's country of origin. The poverty which is necessary for the Church everywhere may well be incarnated in the Latin American Church of the future in a different way than in the United States

or Europe. The authenticity of the Church is endangered by any kind of ecclesiastical imperialism, by the easy transportation of institutions from an alien culture, institutions which can be a positive impediment to real roots in Latin American culture if they depend forever on supplies of men and money from abroad.

"The Gospel According to Matthew"

A MARXIST'S CHRIST



GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

The dialogue between Catholics and Communists goes on in spite of cautions from the higher Italian hierarchy. Stalin Prize winner Pietro Nenni, leader of the Socialists of the Left, traditionally even more anti-clerical and anti-Vatican than the Communists, represented the Italian government in the United States at the recent commemoration of Pope John's encyclical *Pacem in Terris* and was afterwards received by Pope Paul. Yet the atmosphere is such that Nenni's visit to the Pope did not make a sensation in Italy. Only on the extreme right was it commented upon as another example of the Communist penetration in the Vatican. Most Italians simply viewed it as something that would have been impossible a few years ago, but that is natural now that the times have changed.

Curiously, on the Catholic side it is the rank and file among the restless leftists who favor the dialogue and the hierarchy that is increasingly cautious, while among the Communists the rank and file is largely reluctant and the party leaders most eager to carry on. The party members have been prepared though a nation-wide propaganda drive for the dialogue and are disciplined enough to accept it. This does not mean religion has infected the ranks, however; Communist students still sing the old songs, one of which describes how they are going to hang the last king with the bowels of the last priest.

But the most amazing, and at the same time most confusing, aspect of the *rapprochement* is the film *The Gospel According to Matthew* (about which I have already reported in these pages), directed by the

Marxist film director and writer Pier Paolo Pasolini, with a non-professional cast composed almost entirely of Communists. The film has received an impressive number of international awards and several Catholic prizes. Most critics agree the film seems permeated by a deep and sincere religious conviction and almost certainly will stimulate the religious feelings of the millions all over the world who see it. In other words, it constitutes a powerful instrument of religious propaganda.

During long talks with Pasolini and with many members of the cast, I tried to learn what could have led dedicated Marxists to make the film. Pasolini said he first got the idea of the film, and of using the Gospel of Matthew particularly, through an accident. He was in Assisi, the place of St. Francis, and just about to leave when Pope John arrived in the town. The crowds brought all traffic to a standstill, forcing him to wait a half day in his hotel room where the only handy reading material happened to be a Bible. He began with the Gospel of Matthew, found it extraordinarily beautiful, and decided on the spot to make a movie of it. The film is dedicated to "the dear memory of Pope John."

Opium Only in Part

At the same time, Pasolini is blunt about his disbelief in God. I asked him if he thinks then that religion is the opium of the people. He replied that he thinks that the statement is partly true; it is true in countries where organized religion supports an oppressive regime, as in the Russia of the czars or in Spain. But this is only part of what he means by

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religion. The other part is mysterious, and is undoubtedly an extraordinary reality about which he claims to know little. He thinks it is worth exploring. This religious spirit exists much more in the Communist countries than in the capitalist West, he went on. The capitalist bourgeoisie believes in only one thing, money, he said. I asked him whether he had read Milovan Djilas' *New Class* which says exactly the same thing about the ruling class in Communist countries. After some reflection he replied that maybe Djilas is right. He defended himself against the charge of producing religious propaganda the same way other directors do when accused of making immoral films: "I don't care about the practical effect, I am only interested in the artistic experiment as such."

Artistically, Pasolini's avoidance of models from Counter Reformation art in forming his scenes—the influence of Giotto and Masaccio predominate—has been praised as a rejection of a spiritually impoverished period. Progressive Catholics who wish to see the Council as the official end of the Counter Reformation were also happy.

The Actors

After talking with Pasolini, I visited the non-professional actors who played in the film. Joseph is a brother-in-law of the novelist, Alberto Moravia, and a Communist lawyer of Jewish extraction. After the movie he was busy organizing a presentation of Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy." His eighteen-year-old son played the disciple John in Pasolini's movie.

Christ was first to have been played by the Soviet poet Evtushenko; later Pasolini decided upon a young Spanish student from Barcelona, the son of an Italian Jewess. The boy recently participated in the student freedom demonstrations in Spain and describes himself as a Marxist.

Judas is a Communist truck driver from the outskirts of Rome who generally hauls scrap iron. He appeared to be anxious to avoid the police for some reason. He said he saw his part in the film strictly as a means of earning extra money. In the movie Pasolini concentrates on Judas as a fascinating figure, an "innocent" on the borderline between free will and predestination.

Peter is a Jewish ragpicker and the only one of the prominent characters in the film to describe himself as a non-Marxist. His faith, he said, could be summed up in one word: money. He was proud of being a Roman Jew, that is, a member of a minority group that had lived in Rome since before Christ, and despite

having finished school at the age of twelve, he was aware of the tradition that the Colosseum was built by Jewish prisoners of war.

John the Baptist is in real life a Communist university professor in literature, and the first person to make a good translation of Boris Pasternak's work into a language of the West. He seemed extremely well informed about the Council, whose progress he followed day by day, but he emphasized that his participation in the film did not mean he was on his way into the Church.



There is no doubt *The Gospel According to Matthew* has had considerable impact on the Communist rank and file in Italy, and that it has swept away most objections to the dialogue. Pasolini himself tours the country urging at Communist meetings that the time has come for dialogue with Catholics and that the traditional hostile attitude of Marxists toward religion is passé.

Before I left Pasolini he told me about a drama in verse he has just finished, which may become a film. It is about a bandit nicknamed Blasphemy (which also provides the title of the piece), who during a banquet with prostitutes and criminals suddenly starts crying like a child and has a vision. After this, he becomes a sort of saint, but is finally burnt as a heretic by the Church.

Before dying, Blasphemy speaks these words to the poor people:

Those who do not love and do not understand
Are those God loves most.
For God exists most
Where there is less concern about him
And they have to save their lives.

The People:

But we all love you!

Blasphemy:

You are not men,
But martyrs of God,
For only thus he can reveal himself
To those he loves . . .

THE SCREEN

Of all types of films, comedies are the hardest to review—mainly because their appeal depends so much on the likes or dislikes of the viewer: one man's joke being another man's poison. So before announcing that I laughed and laughed at "The Knack and How to Get It," it's only fair to admit that my favorite movie comedies of the past were those with the Marx Brothers, Chaplin, Abbott and Costello, and the zany affairs with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Irene Dunne. "The Knack" is an English film based on the popular Ann Jellicoe play that is celebrating the completion of its first year on Off Broadway. The movie is a far-out exercise that mixes fantasy with realism and a kind of satire that ribs everything, including sex.

Since cinema is a cooperative art depending on many people, one cannot be too sure who should have most credit for the success of a film. In this case, all departments excel. Oscar Lewenstein's production is fine, with a good though not famous cast, David Watkin's excellent black-and-white photography taken entirely on location throughout London, a lively and appropriate musical score composed and conducted by John Barry, and Charles Wood's witty screenplay written from the Jellicoe play with an assist, no doubt, from several people, mainly director Richard Lester. Perhaps it is Lester who should get the biggest hand for "The Knack." Anyone who saw "A Hard Day's Night" knows how deftly he handled the Beatles in that light-hearted romp. "The Knack" is lighter-hearted and rompier. Sourpusses may even think it romps itself off the screen.

Perhaps it does. It has a very slight, almost non-existent plot about three young fellows, Tolen, Colin, and Tom, who have rooms in a London house. Tolen, played with a secure swagger by Ray Brooks, has the knack for attracting and seducing girls. Colin, portrayed sensitively by Michael Crawford, is a shy schoolteacher who envies Tolen's knack and asks to be instructed in the art. Tom, an Irish artist played by Donal Donnelly with determined Irishness, is interested in Tolen's knack but is somewhat cynical about the whole business. Into their lives comes Nancy, a country girl, naïve perhaps, but wise in her own way, and played to delightful perfection by Rita Tushingham. Now Miss Tushingham is a good actress with just the right startled face for the role, but it is Lester's direction that makes

her so absolutely right as the object of the boys' attentions and conniving.

Apprehensively, Nancy arrives in London, a gamin in a cap, looking for the Y.W.C.A. After a series of hilarious misadventures during which she mistakes Buckingham Palace for the Y., walks out of a dress shop in a brand new dress when the clerk refuses to wait on her, and tussles with London traffic, she moves in with the boys; and the picture runs the gamut from absurd gambol to mad slapstick. Since some of the bright dialogue is in Cockney dialect and the laughs in the theater drown out the sound, you may miss some of the funny lines. But "The Knack" by no means depends on dialogue. Its sight gags are first-rate—as when Tolen is instructing Colin in the knack, the camera cuts to Colin's lecturing little boys in his classroom, and the scene in which a swarm of girls line up to vie for Tolen's attentions is straight surrealistic fantasy. It is unfortunate that the ribaldry gets a touch out of hand at times, because "The Knack" is so well made as a film that young people would enjoy its cinema magic and originality. Sophisticated oldsters will take its humor in stride and laugh with it and at it.

To get back to "one's man's joke," I found "What's New Pussycat" definitely not mine. And this proved greatly disappointing, as the screenplay is by Woody Allen, who, I think, is one of the brightest comedians around. But the picture is trying so hard to be far out, out, out, that its mechanics begin to show. Charles K. Feldman's good production places "Pussycat" in the top brackets. It has lovely scenery and some luscious color photography. And its cast is outstanding: Peter O'Toole, as a young fellow who has the knack but doesn't want to marry Romy Schneider yet because there's still too much fun to be had, too much life still to be enjoyed; Paula Prentiss, as a screwball poet, and Capucine, looking very seductive, are among the beauties on the "fun still to be had" list; and then there's Ursula Andress who turns up in Peter's bedroom during the wild slapstick chase in a love-nest chateau. Also on hand are Peter Sellers, as the mad psychiatrist whom O'Toole consults, and Woody Allen, himself, who is funniest of the bunch as the friend who doesn't have O'Toole's knack.

For a comedy that means to be so far out, this picture is amazingly clogged with clichés: Toulouse-Lautrec passing by in an outdoor cafe, O'Toole bumps into Richard Burton in a bar and says, "Haven't we met before some place?" the obvious take-off on the whip scene in "8½," and the many psychiatry jokes. And too often the jokes themselves are not only vulgar,

but done with a vulgar leer reminiscent of "Kiss Me, Stupid." No doubt "What's New Pussycat" has its amusing moments, but all this expensive talent should have added up to more genuine fun and better taste. "The Knack" hits the jackpot on a much lower budget.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

FOR HIPSTERS ONLY



THE STAGE

"Square in the Eye" by Jack Gelber has the look of a well-constructed play, complete with flashbacks, flash-forwards, etc., but what the building is for I couldn't tell you. In fact, I couldn't even tell you what the title is for. Since it sounds vaguely belligerent, it may be meant as a warning to outsiders. If so, the warning should be treated with respect.

For this is a closed-circuit regional play, with boundaries set firmly south of Riverdale and north of Houston St., and with many lesser boundaries dotted within that area. There is even a chance that the motives, the world-picture it portrays, can only be found in one block, one apartment, one closet.

The main lines of the story seem to be clear enough. A woman dies in a city hospital. And the aloneness with which *everyone* dies is made actual in her case by the physical desertion, one by one, of her parents, her children, her friends and her husband. In the end, her doctor gets her name wrong and the complaint of which she died: and she is seen into the earth with a Jessica Mitford-style funeral and a distraught eulogy about something else. Her husband feels Arthurmillerishly guilty about his part in this, and threshes about theatrically, while at the same time trying to make a buck out of his wife's old clothes; within six weeks he has

married again—and this time, a *rich* woman.

So far so good—all fair comments on modern life, its impersonality, etc., driven home with gusto and Mr. Gelber's special steel-tipped sneakers. But unfortunately, a synopsis does not make a play, and it is with specifics that the trouble arises. Why precisely does each of the characters desert the dying woman? Again the synopsis answer is satisfactory enough. Her parents and children leave her because she has betrayed her Jewish heritage. The others pull out because their relationships with her have been variously unreal, hysterical and self-serving. There is beyond this a sense of people fleeing death, of the need to get away from the condemned person, so as not to die with her. "Life goes on," says the husband as he welcomes the guests to his next wedding; and the people who have deserted his wife crowd around him in mindless celebration of this thought.

The trouble is that the phony relationships have no point of reference outside of the play's own private spiritual map, and therefore the crucial desertion of the wife is a largely vacuous development, proving nothing. The characters have talked a lot about themselves, but none of it has helped much (in fact I can think of few plays with such quantities of unhelpful dialogue: it could be short-hand to a foreign language). They have obviously reached a point where they do nothing but prey on each other—but how did they get there and why? What kind of people were they to begin with? From what we have seen of them it is no trick to show them walking out on a dying friend; the trick would be to prove that they ever existed in the first place.

This is a tiresome requirement for an author who obviously knows his people well, and is in no mood to explain them, and it highlights a difficulty with hip theater in general. This particular play, for instance, is not a satire on bourgeois society but on hip and semi-hip society, which means that the non-hip audience is not really familiar, however it yearns to be, with the object under fire, and must, so to speak, deduce the face from the caricature.

As playwrights continue to give up square society as a bad job, unto the second and third generations, this difficulty is likely to increase; plays will become more private, less public, and the life-style they deal in more arcane. This is no longer the familiar theater of individual alienation, but the tessellated folk-writings of various local in-communities which, like most communities, see themselves as more central than they are. Hence you get these universal-sounding statements which don't even make it to Quogue.

Mr. Gelber's title might possibly suggest that he is

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aware of this, and that he has no wish to make it to Quogue: a point of view that will get no serious quarrel here. (The performance of Conrad Bain as the doctor

and undertaker deserves a longer salute than I seem to have left room for.) (*At the Theatre de Lys*)

WILFRID SHEED

BOOKS

A partial glimpse into Soviet life

The Fatal Eggs

EDIT. MIRRA GINSBURG

Macmillan, \$4.50

MARTIN GREEN

Mirra Ginsburg says, in her introduction to this collection, that there is a big distinction to be drawn, a big difference to be found, between the *status* of its early items and its late. The satire written by Soviet writers between 1917 and 1930, during the periods of the Civil War, War Communism (up to 1921) and of N.E.P. (1921-28) was generally brilliant, and the items she has selected are only representative of the average. But after 1930 the "increasingly ruthless emphasis on conformity" constricted satirical writers too cruelly, and their work suffered; the items she has selected from this later period are not representative of, but markedly superior to, their rivals. One is suspicious of her disregard of the last ten years; Kazakov's "Goblins" is her only choice from the decade of Solzhenitsyn and Aksyonov, Okudzhava and Nagibin. But a more serious criticism is that the reader cannot see how the later items *can* far exceed the average of the group they belong to. They just are not brilliant writing. But then neither—at least in strictly literary terms—are the earlier items.

There is of course a sense in which such work as that of Panteleymon Romanov and Valentin Katayev can be called brilliant. These short pieces about the weaknesses of the new social system are brilliant journalism; to see something like that most days, or weeks, your newspaper, would be proof of a healthy kind of cultural vivacity

in the society you belong to. (Though even that may be an exaggeration; Russell Baker's pieces in the *New York Times* are just as vivacious; any extra interest in the Russians derives from the tougher, homelier habits of faith against which the scepticism plays.) And once detached from their context, these stories have no real substance. They are Communist satire only in the sense that Somerset Maugham's work was capitalist satire—or Michael Arlen's or Noel Coward's, among their British contemporaries. Of them all, the best still seem to be the most familiar, Ilf and Petrov.

The title story, by Mikhail Bulgakov, is very unlike all these short pieces. It occupies over 80 pages of the total 300, for one thing. It has appeared in English before, in the magazine *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and it is no more (perhaps less) satire than most of the contents of that publication. (The editor has not been pedantic about the concept "satire." "Fiction with a satirical bite to it" is as narrow a definition as will include all her items, and that is why one raises the question of the last decade's work, since that definition would also include some of that.) This is in fact an adaptation of H. G. Wells' *The Food of the Gods*; as the author in effect admits, by the usual device of having one character remark to another on the likeness between these "events" and those "fictions." The comparison invited must be in Wells' favor. In the Russian story the eggs so disastrously over stimulated (by our old friend, the light beam of unusual intensity) bring forth ostriches and anacondas and crocodiles. Whereas in the British story, these are hens and mice and Virginia creeper, the

homely companions of suburban life, suddenly magnified and hypertrophied into rapacious monsters. Even the slow mild love-making of the huge new humans in Wells has a touch of imagination to it. In Bulgakov there is nothing equivalent to this.

The other long piece, Boris Lavrenyov's *The Heavenly Cap*, is equally bastard and derivative satire. The official exhortation to Soviet satirists, so Mirra Ginsburg tells us, was, "Where are our Gogols and our Shchedrovs?" This nouvelle is the answer, the echo, such a cry must expect to evoke. It is essentially a reminiscence of *The Overcoat*, not only in its central clothes symbolism, but in the climactic scene (where the hero is knocked down on a deserted street, at night, in a fog, and has his heavenly cap stolen from him) and in the whole desultory-discursive, fantastic, manner of narrative. Unfortunately, the ending of the story is not Gogol but G. K. Chesterton, as all the suggestive symbolic strangeness of the events is dissipated, explained away, as a clever criminal plot.

As so often in these Russian anthologies, the major interest is in the cultural scene these literary fragments reveal. Thus at the end of a mild little anecdote by Mikhail Koltsov, called "Stupidity," four paragraphs—artistically ruinous—directly preach against the behavior previously satirized; directly and ferociously. "And this is precisely why it is essential to smash to a pulp all those who, speculating on this discipline and abusing it, transform the fulfilment of directives into a travesty, and unquestioning performance into buffoonery." With that phrase, "smash to a pulp," in our ears, we turn to the biographical notes, and

read that Koltsov (said to be the model for Karkov in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*) was arrested in 1938, disappeared, and "is said to have" died in a concentration camp.

Behind Bars

JULIUS A. LEIBERT

Doubleday, \$4.50

ARCADI NEBOLSINE

In her introduction to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, Dorothy Sayers writes: "Dante has grasped the great essential which is so often overlooked in arguments about penal reform, namely, the prime necessity of persuading the culprit to *accept judgment*."

Without this consciousness of acceptance, prison becomes an absurdity as Rabbi Leibert describes it, where meaningless "correction" is inflicted. The Rabbi draws on his experiences as prison chaplain of Alcatraz, Folsom and San Quentin to point out his strong disapproval of this system. He raises questions such as "can rehabilitation and punishment work hand-in-hand?" and discusses solutions. In fact he cannot see much point to the prison system as such. Minor criminals are only corrupted by associating with hardened ones, while hardened criminals are sick and should be put in hospitals for treatment, not in punitive institutions.

Because of his stand against capital punishment the Rabbi finally had to leave his position as prison chaplain, a position that he states to be a fundamentally false one anyway. The prisoners identify the chaplain with the hated authorities, and the authorities say "stick to the spiritual": in other words, they discourage him from accomplishing any effective moral improvements. In a final summary the Rabbi once more rejects the notion of punishment, replacing it with one of healing. If any judgments are to be made they should be made, he says, by psychologists when they decide whether the criminal is sane or not.

These problems are important ones

and Rabbi Leibert seems to be qualified by his experience to shed some light on them. The earnestness of his intentions and his successes at influencing prisoners, wardens and the State of California are clearly portrayed. Unfortunately, the treatment is not as serious, profound and thorough as it should be.

Rabbi Leibert seems to be a man of action and a list of his accomplishments proves this, whether it is the bringing back of Seder banquets to San Quentin, or keeping Eddie Wein from being executed. However, a summary of accomplishments is not equivalent to perceptive analysis. By the nature of his former profession and spiritual involvements the Rabbi has to be cautious, but not to the extent that the genuine human plights and problems he describes become something schematic. Inevitably one is reminded of the style of *My Seven Convicts*: the conventional types such as the know-all con, the decent boy who got involved, the caged animal. Certainly the whole horror of the prison system is that human beings become clichés, both dehumanized and conventionalized, but a person of the Rabbi's shrewdness should be able to get beyond the clichés. "I grew more wary," he writes after being taken in by the cons, "as I became familiar with the devious workings of the wayward mind," but this familiarity is not vividly enough conveyed to us.

The style is no help. About the condition of a parolee the Rabbi writes to the Warden: "The next time you see him, he is shuffling along the Via Dolorosa and the trek to still another doom." Or this is his description of Death Row: "At last, an invisible hand presses a lever. A pellet drops into the sulphuric acid. His-s-s-s! Fumes swirl. The doomed man chokes . . . strangles" . . .

Something serious and urgent in such passages has been buried beneath the sensational comic-strip style. The Rabbi gives many examples of the set terminology of the prisoners, and as he points out, their system of speech is a bravado designed to conceal, to protect them. But the purpose of his book is exactly the opposite, to reveal

and to lay open the hurts of his men and the dreadful system in which they are caught, and in this case the truth may be compromised by cant and glibness. In many of the recorded conversations he has with the unfortunates, one feels one is often being let off with a mere shrug, a quip, or an irrelevant anecdote.

Whatever the faults of the book, *as a book*, however, a tribute is due to the humorous and compassionate individual who wrote it. "The cry of every man in chains" has meaning for him and the Scripture is not only a storehouse of wise anecdotes but also a prophecy, an urgency. As Jeremiah says to the Lord: "You are in my heart like a flaming fire, shut up in the very marrow of my bones." In view of Rabbi Leibert's devotion to his duty, it is sad to see him commenting on the role of religion in prison: "In my opinion formalized religion is a dubious factor in therapy, especially under present conditions. Sponsored by the prison authorities, it is generally identified with them. Moralizing falls on deaf ears. The emphasis of the parole board on mere chapel attendance has the effect, for a good many prisoners, of relegating religion to the same category as occupational therapy or work in the jute mill."

Indeed, the impression that the Rabbi gives in prison is one of a psychiatrist rather than a shepherd of his flock. It seems to me that here perhaps he is too modest. (Elsewhere in reference to his relations with the prisoner Kline, he states: "Next to Nietzsche, I was his God.") Something as mysterious as religion cannot be measured by the successes that the Rabbi so valiantly strove for and achieved in the fields of rehabilitation and criminology. If this book had provided a deeper insight and more concrete detail of the prisoners' minds, of some of the more important dialogues that they must have had with the Rabbi, I think that the *religious point* of his role might have become more apparent. As it is the Rabbi left his position in disappointment.

To criticize the faults and the (per-

haps unavoidable) superficialities of the work is not to say it should not be read. There is enough nobility in it and enough of fact to give it great value, and any attempt to remind the reader of the injustices of prison life is of value. The Rabbi knows what he is talking about.

Take Me Where the Good Times Are

ROBERT CORMIER

Macmillan, \$4.50

MICHELE MURRAY

Few literary tricks can be more annoying to a reader—to this reader, at least—than to find the author pleading for sympathy for a character when that character is clearly dreadful, hopeless, impossible to cherish. Think of the legions of virginal young damsels who bloom in the lush gardens of 19th-century English fiction. How our feelings are played upon! How we are hectored to love them! But who, reading *Vanity Fair*, does not wish Amelia Sedley treble times the woe she receives, although Thackeray appears enchanted with his little angel? Who can fall into the spirit of the thing with Dora Copperfield, not to mention Agnes or Little Em'ly in the same book? Even *Bleak House* founders on the impeccable virtue of Esther Summerson.

Whatever else has happened to fiction these past fifty years, we can be grateful for the passing of the Sweet Young Thing. But the same kind of novelistic sleight-of-hand is still going on, with the same unhappy effect: witness *Herzog* and, much lower down the same ladder, *Take Me Where the Good Times Are*.

In Robert Cormier's book, it is an old man, poor and alone—the 20th-century equivalent of the Young Girl apparently will be the Senior Citizen—who resides in the city home of a small New England community, fiercely resenting his penury and the various restrictions of life in The Place with similar old people, a clutch of unemployables, alcoholics, and the others who are at the

bottom of the heap. The superintendent of the home is a harried man whose wife and children were killed in an automobile crash some years ago, except for one daughter, who survived but is retarded, with the mind of an 8-year-old in the body of a 14-year-old.

Sweet Mary, a crusty old party, leaves our hero, Tommy Martin, sixty-three dollars before she is carted off to the hospital to die of double pneumonia, and Tommy determines to go downtown with the money, find a room and a job and prove that, yes, there's life in the old boy yet.

Alas, alas, Mr. Cormier has chosen to tell this story in the first person, thus making the unpleasant character of Tommy Martin even more unpleasant, for the reader loses any reliable guide as to whether he is to take Tommy straight (as Tommy takes himself) or to read between the lines for the author's subtle indicators that Tommy is not to be trusted. Given the love for irony of so much modern fiction, the inclination would be to jazz up the book by picking the second alternative, but judging by this book itself, I'd say that we are meant to take Tommy straight, and that is too bad.

For Tommy in action is a selfish old man, innocent of intelligence or experience for all his seventy years, weak on judgment and long on talk. He spends most of his big day in bars, drinking and getting drunk, behaving foolishly; at the end, when he gets involved with some young motorcycle toughs who have given the retarded girl a ride to a motorcycle rally (but done nothing more), misjudges them completely, is rolled, then smuggled beneath the tarpaulin of the statue which is to be dedicated the next day in the town square, so that he is revealed as the statue is unveiled, one is neither sorry for Tommy nor amused, merely disgusted.

The book has a little of everything, with the search for Annie and the motorcycle boys providing the thread of plot: a bit of nostalgia, some mild humor, characters, suicide, very pure and distant sex, some gentle grotesques. Nevertheless, the book is not pleasant,

the character of Tommy Martin is not pleasant, and the author is playing a con game with our sympathies. The book jacket calls Tommy Martin a good man but one must disagree. He is not good, only innocent, which is not at all the same thing.

War Against Want

GEORGE S. MCGOVERN

Walker, \$5

ARTHUR McCORMACK

"Hunger—mankind's greatest enemy—can be conquered. Half the people on earth need no longer face a future without food." These are the first words of President Johnson's introduction to this book about the Food for Peace Program of the United States. Senator McGovern's book is a description of how the United States, for the past ten years, has been meeting the challenge to make obsolete the paradox that for the first time in history, we have the ability to produce enough food to feed everybody in the world, yet half of the people go to bed hungry, either with the hunger of outright lack of food or with the concealed hunger of malnutrition which causes terrible deficiency diseases.

Senator McGovern was appointed Director of the Food for Peace Office four days after President Kennedy took over the administration. He was responsible for stepping up the work which the Program had been doing, since it was inaugurated by Public Law 480 in 1954, and under him it took on new and exciting dimensions.

There is no parallel in history for the massive assistance through food that was then begun. Surprisingly enough the magnitude of this magnificent combination of generosity and commonsense is hardly realized even now by Americans and by the world at large. Senator McGovern tells us that since 1948—including the 5 billion dollars in food under the Marshall Plan—the total U.S. Food assistance to needy countries is over 20 billion dollars, the greater part of which has

come from the Food for Peace Program.

Famine now is virtually a thing of the past, thanks to this imaginative use of the U.S. surplus food production. Last year's famine in India might have been the worst in record-history, with population increase compounding its effects. As it was, thanks to American food, it was really no famine at all. There were regional shortages, but 30 million Indians, it is reckoned, were saved from starvation by Food for Peace. In 1964 one out of every fifteen Indians was fed with this food.

Today one hundred million people in 114 countries throughout the world profit by this enlightened venture to make the surpluses of America's technological revolution bring nourishment to hungry millions. The people of the "have-not" nations are being given health, strength and hope, a means of getting on their feet and helping themselves.

The Program has moved out of the realm of emergency relief and pure donations, though these are still of vital importance; we can never afford in this sphere to sacrifice the short-term in favor of the long-term. For example, school lunch programs sponsored by the Program feed with American food forty million school children, formerly undernourished and too weak from hunger to learn; South Asia has 11.3 recipients, Latin America ten million, and so on. These programs are administered largely by voluntary religious organizations thus ensuring as far as humanly possible reliability and honesty of administration. The black market stories which are all that some people seem to know about the program do grave injustice. Such an extensive Program could hardly be free from failures but as Senator McGovern testifies from his world travels there is little or no corruption.

But important as such emergency and social work is, even more significant is the use of food as an instrument of economic development. As Senator McGovern points out, the dynamic use of food as a capital contribution to economic development has

very important direct and indirect results.

Food input stimulates development indirectly in various ways. It provides the physical energy that workers must have for more effective labor. It checks what would otherwise be a painful inflation of food prices, set off by the stimulus of development projects and increased wages. It helps to conserve the foreign exchange of both assisting and receiving country.

But food can also be used directly as capital in the financing of development projects. This is being accomplished by paying workers partly in food, or by selling the food and using the proceeds as wages. In this way it is true to say that wheat from Kansas and the Dakotas is being converted into schools in Bolivia and milk from Wisconsin is building roads in Iran. These self-help programs create precious social and economic capital, as well as feed the hungry.

Science and the Shabby Curate of Poetry

MARTIN GREEN

Norton, \$5.00

GEORGE GREENE

This traveler has ventured farther than most teachers of literature in order to bring back specimens of what he calls the "two half-cultures." Mr. Green spent a whole year pursuing formal courses in science to acquaint himself more with the other side of the border. The advantages of being an insider, even on a temporary visa, are clear. It accounts for Mr. Green's compassion when he refers to "this joint and reciprocal failure." Although he backs C. P. Snow against Professor Leavis—a former mentor—he avoids the *ad hominem* attacks which blur so much of the transcript of that case.

One suspects that the author's fervor owes more to the rigid specialization of his own background than to the dearth of heroes on his, and Snow's side. He exposes a number of antagonisms against scientists which hurt those of

us who can only look through the laboratory window—their mystical association with our future, their link with power, civilian as well as military. What motivates him is the need to give testimony, unbiased, possibly even creative, which may help exchanges between the two major voices of our Western intellectual tradition.

Too many of the spokesmen for science, aspiring to wider audiences, become trapped in "courtly but palsied graces of style imitated from the essays of Charles Lamb." More than anything else the problem becomes one of communication. Mr. Green underlines the need to revitalize the teaching of science. He makes a spirited defense of popularization which is at the same time robust, no "Okefenokee of unreadable, unrewarding, or unendurably condescending explication. . . ." He wants studies which reveal the spirit of adventure. "The *Principia* is Newton," he rightly insists, "as much as *Paradise Lost* is Milton; and it is late-seventeenth-century England just as much."

So far so good. It is at this stage that the carriers desert and night threatens. Mr. Green protests against "the social disengagement of modern literature," so buried in personality that it has lost its right to address larger groups. "Modern literature," he states, "does not question, it attacks; and with fury; and not a possible future, but the essential present." Narcissism dominates the minds of most



REVIEWERS

MARTIN GREEN's latest book, *Science and the Shabby Curate of Poetry* is reviewed in this issue.

ARCADI NEBOLSINE, making his first appearance here, is a free-lance writer.

MICHELE MURRAY reviews for *Jubilee*, the Catholic Reporter and others.

FATHER ARTHUR MC CORMACK, M.H.M. is the author of *World Poverty* and the Christian (Hawthorn).

GEORGE GREENE teaches at Bridgewater State College, Massachusetts.

readers, so that the majority miss the scope of science by conceiving of it as "just the most economical description of a set of facts. . . ."

Mr. Green seeks a calm statement of the crisis, not facile, fated solutions. He succeeds admirably, but for a reason he apparently considers peripheral or irremediable. The part of his case which vexes has nothing to do with non-technical science courses, but rather his acceptance, almost mesmerized, of edicts handed down by a number of academic samurai. At Cambridge Dr. Leavis must have done his job with unexampled thoroughness. Mr. Green's awe in the presence of certain Levites (Joyce, Lawrence, Proust) remains fixed. "The last fifty or hundred years, it seems to me, have produced a literature greater than any before. . . ."

Yet elsewhere he proves how deification of the private psyche has incapacitated man from reaching out to touch other minds. It is odd, for example, how little he says about the fiction of his hero, C. P. Snow. If we agree that authors on both sides of the border cannot remain descendants of Melville's *isolatoes*, then it becomes imperative to broaden the range *within our own discipline*. In large part attacks against Snow as an artist have belabored his view that the novel must return to man's social experience.

Paradoxically, in all other areas Mr. Green calls for more attention to reason. "One mistake that is often made in arguing that science is one of the humanities, in presenting it to non-scientists, is to insist on its irrationalities." If he wishes to encourage the true humanism the outlines of which he sketches, it might be well to restudy our own reading lists. (In American literature, one still waits for recognition of one of our few honest-to-God novelists of manners, J. P. Marquand.) Mr. Green minimizes parallels between our case and that of the Victorians, yet much of what we have been shouting was said more eloquently, certainly with better manners than in the Leavis vs. Snow wrangle, almost a century ago.

In a Rede Lecture—seventy-seven years earlier than that of C. P. Snow—Matthew Arnold saw that non-scientists must be knowledgeable about the results of experiment, but that we could not be expected to enter deeply into the processes by which those successes were achieved. Was he not also appealing for "bridge" books? And the defense Arnold made for the humanities as a perennial need on the basis of human nature foretold that exchange later voices have sought. But one cannot expect all the pluck and mobility to occur on one side alone. In some recent literature as in life we have grown crippled because of our demand for the unconditioned, the magical location.

At least at moments Mr. Green seems mindful of this quandary, and then his sentences suggest the urgency of an explorer who increasingly suspects the adequacy of his maps. We must encourage the establishment of common passports, not just visas stamped for one year only. ". . . the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them." That remark is as valid now as when Thomas Huxley said it in 1868. We shall persuade no wanderer to pause until he realizes the range of excitement and sympathy—not just logic—in the words we use. For a start, I vote that we assign to all teachers of English *Art and Reality* by Mr. Joyce Cary, another of those independent hecklers who made noisy, glorious, human sounds outside the temple.

CORRESPONDENCE



(Continued from page 459)

remedy lies not so much in the criticism of the Church as if she were some third party in whose deficiencies we have no share or responsibility, but to study these questions with all diligence ourselves that *through us the Church may understand*, and the word of God run and be glorified in these fields too."

(REV.) JAIME BARRERA, S.J.

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